

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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**L**EROY EVANS and Perry Miller were sitting on a twisted root of a rubber tree. Their facial expressions indicated that they were in deep thought. A Florida sun beat down from its highest summit; but the large, glossy, green leaves protected the boys from the burning rays. An occasional gust of wind from the Gulf found its way to their retreat. Perry dug his grimy toes into the white sand and turned a troubled face towards his companion.

"You've been putting it off, and putting it off. Why didn't you get busy long ago? It's been a month since Professor Tompkins said that he would take our class to the Government bamboo farm at Brooksville provided each one of us earned five dollars on our own hook."

Leroy shrugged his shoulders and the wrinkles between his eyes deepened. "I thought he was kidding."

Perry snorted. "Well, you know better now. You can't borrow the five spot, and your father can't give it to you; you've got to earn it yourself. How are you going to earn it with the trip only three days off? How, I'm asking you?"

"Ho," Leroy made reply, "I guess the Professor will let me go even if I don't make the fiver myself."

Perry reached over and prodded his friend's ribs with a positive index finger. "No-he-won't! He says that he wants us to be industrious and — er — self-reliant; the boys who don't earn the money will be taught a valuable lesson, for they will have to stay behind. — I'm glad I earned my five dollars, for I want to see that bamboo farm." Perry waxed enthusiastic. "The U. S. Government wants to grow bamboo over here the same as they do in China and Japan. Bamboo will help us save our forests. They say that some of those bunches are more than sixty feet high; think of it!"

Leroy did not look very happy over his friend's recital. He

## Where There's a Will

By Merritt L. Allen

turned appealingly to Perry. "Well, how am I going to earn five dollars?"

"Well, you can't sell papers same as I did. That's too slow; so's running errands; and picking berries. It's got me beat. I want you to go, too, for we are buddies."

Leroy arose to his feet with impatience. "I must hurry home for dinner. I guess it's up to me to figure out a plan or get stuck."

Leroy walked slowly up the streets of Oakdale. He tried to concentrate upon a workable plan that would bring him in five dollars within three days' time; but Leroy's mind was not used to thinking up ways to make spending money. He usually asked his father for that. He had not taken Professor Tompkins seriously. Now he wished that he had, for the Professor insisted that each boy earn the expenses of the trip so that they could

more thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the excursion. The idea came to Leroy that the fathers were in league with the Professor in this matter. How can I earn five dollars, how can I earn five dollars; but the more Leroy frowned and scuffed his feet along the pavement, the more fruitless became his thoughts.

His perplexities caused him to run into a crowd before the Reliance Drug Store before he was aware of it. He forgot the excursion for a moment and elbowed his way to the window to see what was attracting their attention. There was one object on display in the window; it was a common milk bottle. Inside, there was a gold ring suspended by a thread attached to the cork. A printed card attracted Leroy's attention.

RELEASE THE RING WITHOUT  
TOUCHING THE BOTTLE AND  
WIN TEN DOLLARS

Immediately, the relation between the challenge and the five dollars flashed through Leroy's mind. A thrill of hope came to him. But the feeling of hope gradually gave place to one of despair as he tried to solve the problem. The remarks of the bystanders shattered what little faith he had that he could release the ring without touching the bottle.

"Huh!" someone remarked. "They're pretty safe in offering that reward."

"It can't be done!" another party remarked. "It's just an advertisement to draw attention to the store."

A boy of Leroy's acquaintance edged up beside him and pressed his nose flat against the plate glass window. He remained in this position for possibly thirty seconds and then turned to Leroy. "Bet I could do it if I had the time, but Freddie Smith and I are going fishing."

The crowd gradually dispersed, leaving Leroy staring at the ring. The proprietor came to the door and grinned at him.



"The crowd began to nod their heads as Leroy allowed the sun to shine through the lens."



"What's the matter, son, can't you solve the mystery?"

Leroy looked up at the proprietor with a baneful expression. "Shoot! Nobody could do that; Houdini couldn't if he was alive."

The man grinned some more. "Yes, he could. Anybody can do it if they only hit upon the right way. You are just like the rest of the people that have looked in the window; you can't solve a stiff problem by giving it two minutes' time. If no one finds out how to do it by Monday noon, I'll have to show them how it is done."

Leroy tore himself away from the window, after a time, and proceeded up the street toward the residential section of the town. Ten dollars; that would pay for his trip and give him five dollars for something else. The man in the drug store said that it could be done. One of Leroy's teachers had told his class that the solutions to many difficult problems were extremely simple, but that people became confused by trying to make a hard task of them. But what was the use of worrying about the bottle and the ring? "All those grown-up people had given it up. A low growl startled Leroy. He turned his head to discover Myrtle Blair sitting on the front steps of her home. A large black dog stood by her side with his white teeth bared. Leroy felt the need of sympathy.

"Call off your dog, Myrtle, I'm not aiming to pester you."

Myrtle dropped her sewing, which she had gathered up, back into her lap. She had prepared herself for a sudden rush indoors when she saw Leroy coming up the street.

"Jet! Go in the house!" Myrtle commanded, and then turned to Leroy as the dog obeyed. "No wonder he growls at you. You're always throwing sticks at him."

Leroy went up the walk and squatted down on the lower step without saying a word. Myrtle looked at him closely.

"What's the matter, Leroy Evans, are you in trouble again? Did some one catch you playing one of your mean tricks on them?"

Leroy looked up meekly and shook his head. "Not this time. Say, can you tell a fellow how to make five dollars quick?"

"What for?"

"Oh, there's no use asking you. You're a girl."

"Come on and tell me," Myrtle encouraged, her curiosity aroused.

"Well, it's that excursion Professor Tompkins is giving. I've fooled away my time, and now I have only three days to make it in."

"Why, Leroy Evans, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. He gave you plenty of time to earn that money."

Leroy dropped his chin on the palms of his hands. "That's what Perry and the

rest of the fellows say, but that doesn't help me any."

Myrtle was thoughtful as she busied herself with her sewing. At length she spoke: "Do you remember that lecture Professor Tompkins gave the school the other day? You know, if a boy or girl has a will they can always find a way?"

"Sure, but it would have to be a miracle for me to earn five dollars in three days. . . . If I could only release that ring down at the drug store."

Myrtle's eyes brightened. "Oh, you saw that too!"

"I guess there's a way of doing it, but I'm not smart enough."

Myrtle snipped off a bit of thread with her scissors. "Still, Mr. Childs, he's the owner, told me that the trick was very simple. I guess I'm not smart either, for I can't figure it out."

"Guess I'll have to stay home," Leroy muttered.

"You should keep trying until the very last minute, Leroy Evans," Myrtle admonished. "Remember what the Professor told us. You have a way; how much will have you?"

"That's all poppycock!" Leroy growled.

"Don't give up so easy. Use your head!" Myrtle chided him.

Leroy's face colored up. "You would have to have one of those mysterious ray machines to do that trick."

"Leroy!" Myrtle exclaimed. "I've got it!"

"Yes, you have!"

"Yes, sir, I have. When you spoke of that ray machine, it came to me. Why not burn that thread that holds the ring with a magnifying glass like we burn paper in school?"

It was Leroy's turn to get excited. He sprang to his feet. "Gee, Myrtle, you're all right! I'll go right home and get that big reading glass of my father's."

Leroy hurried home and secured the glass. He had been hungry when he left Perry down by the rubber tree; but now dinner was given secondary consideration. As he made his precipitous way to the drug store, he ran across Perry.

"Come on, Perry, I'm going to make some money."

"How much?" Perry asked, breaking into a run beside his friend.

"Ten dollars!"

"Ho! You must be going to try for that prize down at the drug store," Perry panted.

"You watch me!"

The two boys were all out of breath by the time they reached the store where a group of people were peering at the bottle. Leroy looked up at the sky to make sure that there was enough sun.

"You're kidding me!" Perry exclaimed.

Leroy produced a tantalizing grin. He was enjoying himself, for he felt sure that he was going to be successful. This was a great moment, and he felt like being dramatic.

"Now, folks," Leroy commanded, "stand away from the window a little while I go inside and show you how it's done."

Leroy went inside and seated himself on the window ledge. With a wink at Perry, he produced the reading lens from his pocket. The proprietor sauntered up in front of the store and watched Leroy with a none too friendly stare. The crowd began to nod their heads as Leroy allowed the sun to shine through the lens. He focused the little point of light on the thread inside the bottle, and in a moment the thread burned and let the ring drop with a rattling sound on the glass bottom. The crowd cheered and the proprietor, seeing a good publicity write-up from the incident, handed Leroy a new five dollar bill.

"That's the easiest money you ever earned, my son."

Leroy nodded. "Yes, but it isn't so hard to accomplish something when you get your brains to working — I want to change this to two fives."

Perry watched the transaction of changing the ten-dollar bill to two five-dollar bills. "What are you going to do with the rest of your ten?" he questioned.

Leroy colored slightly. "It's a secret. I can't tell you. — See you tomorrow."

Perry followed after his friend as far as the sidewalk and then watched Leroy hasten up the street. He dug his hands into his trouser pockets as he muttered: "Well, what do you know about that?"

Fifteen minutes after Leroy had accepted the ten dollars, he was telling Myrtle all about it.

"It was as easy as falling off a log. They were all kicking themselves because they didn't think of it. I'm going to have my name in the paper and everything. Maybe I'll write up an article about what we see on this trip — you can help me. Then the newspaper will buy it, maybe. You certainly can do things when you get your head to working."

"I'll be glad to help you, Leroy," Myrtle promised.

Leroy suddenly became nervous, and he dropped his head sheepishly. "I'm awfully sorry I've tormented you so much, but I won't do it any more. I'm going to be too busy making my own spending money. It's much more interesting than having it given to me." He reached into a trouser pocket and produced one of the five-dollar bills. This he tossed in Myrtle's lap. "That's your share."

"But, Leroy, you won it."

"No, we figured it out together," Leroy corrected her.

"Why, all I did was to —"

But Leroy was already running up the street. He turned his head, however, and called over his shoulder: "Buy yourself some of the things you have been wanting for a long time."



## A Tale of the Rhine

By LEAH E. HAMILTON

A TINY boat is moving slowly up the Rhine River. The current is swift and the one man who occupies the skiff is having hard work pulling against the swiftly-flowing river. But on — on — on he moves in his small boat.

The sun is ablaze in the west, casting gorgeous hues and colors on the rippling water.

Suddenly the boatman stops pulling on the oars. He listens. Music — wonderful music — seems to float on the air. He looks above him where the giant rocks tower over the water. He is startled by the sight he sees.

Aloft — on the very top of the rugged mountain, that rises almost perpendicularly from the river — is a beautiful maiden with long, golden hair hanging about her shoulders. The setting sun makes it dazzlingly beautiful. And the boatman moves his oars mechanically, still watching the golden-haired maid combing her flowing locks, and listening to the sweet song that she sings.

The boatman is spellbound by the sight. He cannot take his eyes from the beauty of the maiden. He forgets the dangerous rocks ahead. He can do nothing but watch and listen.

Suddenly there's a scraping sound, then a crash, as the skiff is shattered on the sharp rocks at the base of the moun-



By  
WAITSTILL  
HASTINGS  
SHARP

Whenever I am starting on a long trip I look up the name of the train which I am to travel upon. The names "Red Arrow," "North Coast Limited," and "Flying Yankee," give me a real tingle. And who doesn't thrill at the words "Twentieth Century Limited"? It's a lot more fun to know "The Century" by its public name rather than to know it only as "Boston and Albany Train Number 25-15, leaving Boston daily at 12.30 P.M."

I think the reason why I feel a thrill in seeing "The Wolverine" roar West past the marshes of East Brookfield, Massachusetts, at 4.45 each afternoon, is because I think that the train means — *Men doing a dangerous and hard thing safely and well.*

This year I have traveled from San Diego, California, to Fort Fairfield, in Aroostook County, Maine. I've been on all these trains which I have mentioned above. And the thrill is as good as ever! I haven't grown up yet. It's no fun to.

After I know the name of my train I

plan to reach the station in time to look at the great engine which will soon be pulling all these heavy cars at 40 or 50 or 60 miles an hour over the level green fields or through the mountain passes. And the bigger the engine, the more time I like to have for admiration. My best friends are Numbers 600, 601, 602, 603, 604 of the Boston and Albany — the largest passenger locomotives in New England — which cost \$90,000 apiece, and weigh, with sixteen tons of coal and 10,000 gallons of water aboard, 557,600 pounds. From pilot to rear-coupling they are 88 feet long. Besides their six giant driving wheels which carry the main boiler, these locomotives have another steam engine called a booster which is mounted on a four-wheel trailer truck, just behind the third driver. This booster helps the main cylinders to start the train.

Just remember that it is natural for a heavy steel car to stand still, and as you add one steel car to another steel car you can add that it's a lot more natural for both of them to stand still in level places, pull back going up a mountain, and push forward going down grade. But we little human beings have fitted steel together in such a way and put fire, water, and coal inside it in such a way that we can draw not only one but ten or more of these heavy steel cars over the face of the world at a mile a minute. That's doing a dangerous and hard thing safely and well! That's headwork!

"What's the name of that train I'm taking? . . . Oh, yes, 'The Wolverine,' leaving at 3.15 P.M. I'll be down at the South Station by 3.05."

tain. Boat and boatman sink to the bottom of the Rhine.

'So goes the old German legend of the Lorelei Rock, as the poet Heine tells it to us.

Knowing the legend, I was eager to see the famous mountain. And as the boat puffed slowly up the Rhine, whose deep blue waters were made beautiful in the light of the setting sun, I watched anxiously to see if I, too, might see the maiden combing her golden hair.

Then, as the boat rounded a bend in the river, the giant rock was before us, its top gleaming like reddish gold in the sunlight. Half closing the eyes, one could easily imagine that a golden-haired maid was sitting aloft, combing her tresses. For there's a sort of metallic quality to the rock that gives it a bright look, and when the sun shines upon it, it gleams like gold.

A moment later, as I was watching the glistening height, the sound of distant singing startled me. It took little imagination to picture the whole scene as Heine's poem describes it.

The golden-haired maiden was explained easily enough by the sun shin-

ing on the metallic rock. But the singing! No one on the boat was singing and there was no one else near enough to be heard.

A steward explained as we rounded the bend past the famous Lorelei Rock. He pointed to a peasant girl busy in a vineyard on the mountain side.

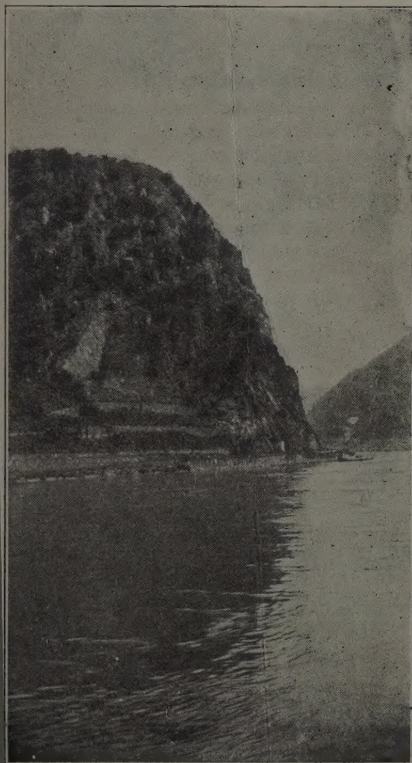
"It was she who was singing," the steward said. "In the gap between those high rocks, there's a strange echo. It was the echo of her voice that you heard. You cannot hear it now that we are beyond the gap, although she is probably still singing."

And so the tragic legend of the Rhine is explained.

## My Chum

By FRANCES ENDLY BAIRD

I know a girl who's fair of face  
And all her actions full of grace;  
Her winsome ways and hearty laugh  
Spread sunshine all along her path;  
In all her lessons she excels,  
In play she leads us quite as well,  
To be with her is always fun,  
And so, I've chosen her my chum.



LORELEI ROCK



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## Puzzlers

### Enigma

I am composed of nineteen letters. My whole is a quotation from Julius Caesar, perhaps most commonly seen.

My 6, 11, 5 is a preservative.

My 14, 15, 3, 19 is the court of a college.

My 17, 8, 4 is one of the signs of the Zodiac, i.e., the figure of one of the signs.

My 12, 13, 2, 16 means formerly.

My 9, 18 is not us.

My 1, 7 is not was.

My 10 is not me.

### Twisted Names of Bible Characters

1. Otl
2. Mharaba
3. Suesj
4. Vee
5. Bael
6. Omess
7. Daam
8. Aeni
9. Hona
10. Nmoolos

SHIRLEY MARTIN.

### Hour-Glass Puzzle

An old-fashioned disease

A violent wind

A wild flower

Part of a fence

A sin

A letter

A venomous reptile

A color

A sign of grief

A bird

To oversee

E. F. B.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 13

Three Things for Children to Avoid.—  
Envy. Selfishness. Vanity.  
Charade.—Level.

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ALL SOULS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, D.D., Supt.

625 W. 28TH ST.,  
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Dear Editor: I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much. I am ten years old and I go to the Unitarian Church. My teacher's name is Mrs. Coats and our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Vrooman. I go to Sunday school and sometimes to church. I am sending some twisted words.

Yours truly,

ETHEL JARDINE.

CENTRE ST.,  
SEGREGANSET, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I want to do something for the Club, so I am sending some twisted names of animals. I am thirteen years old and I go to the Taunton High School. I am in the freshman year. I attend the Unitarian church of Dighton and my teacher's name is Mrs. Thompson. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Thompson.

Yours truly,

LOUISE G. WYETH.

9 PARK ST.,  
DOVER, N. H.

Dear Editor: I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the

Universalist Church. My teacher's name is Mrs. Chase. The pastor of our church is Rev. H. Robinson. I also belong to the W. W. Club for girls, — W. W. means Willing Workers. I would like to wear a Beacon pin. I love to do the puzzles and to read the stories. If some one of my age would like to correspond with me, I would be delighted.

Sincerely yours,

BEATRICE HALEY.

12 MAGNOLIA SQ.,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade.

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE WALKER.

Box 14,  
BRIGHTON, ORE.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club. There is a boy here that gets *The Beacon* and it is very interesting. I am twelve years old. There is no Sunday school here but I go to Rockway.

Sincerely yours,

BETTY LUPRO.